WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

Near Clyde's gay stream there liv'd a maid,
Whose mind was chaste and pure ;
Content she liv'd a humble life,
Beloved by all who knew her :
Protected 'neath her parents' roof,
Her time passed on quite merry ;
She lov'd and was belov'd again,
By William of the ferry.

From morning's dawn till set of sun,
Would William labor hard ;
And then at evening's glad return,
He gain'd a sweet reward.
With heart so light, unto her cot,
He tripp'd so light and merry ;
All daily toils were soon forgot,
By William of the ferry.

With joy their parents gave consent,
And fix'd their bridal day :
Ere it arriv'd, the press-gang came,
And forc'd poor Will away !
He found resistance was in vain—
They dragg'd him from his wherry ;
"I ne'er shall see my love again !"
Cried William of the Ferry.

Loud blew the raging winds around,
When scarce a league from shore ;
The boat upset—the ruffian crew,
Soon sunk, to rise no more.
While William, fearless, brav'd the waves,
And safely reach'd his wherry :
Peace was proclaim'd—and Jane's now blest
With William of the Ferry.

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